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FLAMES OF NEWGATE;

OR THE

NEW MINISTRY,

*Fir'd by the genial Muse of Flames I write
To scorch the Knave, and give the Fool some Light.*

L O N D O N:

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One



A R G U M E N T.

IMMORTAL CHATHAM reaching the ethereal regions, JUPITER calls a general synod to install him God. The Britons dignified among the blessed powers come foremost to gratulate his Compatriot, and, after the ceremonies of the installation, enquiring about the vicissitudes of their country, CHATHAM makes a lamentable description of our surrounding calamities, imploring at the same time the mercy of the Great Lord of All. He first receives an answer consonant to the philosophy of Epicurus and others, who believed a perfect tranquillity to be the essence of celestial happiness; so JUPITER declares that he mixes not in human concerns, *having*, as he expresses it, *consigned the Keys of Nature to his Prime Minister FATE*, yet, CHATHAM representing the unspotted integrity of the Monarch, mentioning the exalted virtues of several individuals, and the other British Gods joining their intercessions, Jove condescends to change the primeval order, and repeals the decrees of Destiny against Great Britain, which he calls his *footstool*, as Scripture terms the Land of Promise. He then upbraids ST. GEORGE for his neglect, and bids him repair to his Government; but the fainted Champion declines the Office, and pleads his Catholicism for excuse. Upon which JUPITER resolves to send the ANGEL GABRIEL in his place; but, for some peculiar motives, CHATHAM requests him to give the charge to a female Angel. Accordingly a *She-Angel* arrives at St. James's, with dispatches for the King, containing the absolute expulsion of all the old Officers of State, and the list of a NEW MINISTRY, framed by JUPITER himself. The ANGEL is prevented from fulfilling her commission, and decoyed into *King's-Place*. She however eludes the snare, and flies back to Heaven. About the middle of
the

R G U M E N T.

the way, she meets ST. PAUL, sent by the GODS for her protection. The APOSTLE persuades her to return along with him, and hearing her adventures, thinks it more prudent for both to remain incog, assuming himself the form of a COUNTRY 'SQUIRE, and the ANGEL of a plain Miss. GOD having expressly ordered PAUL to assist the KING with his advice, he previously endeavours to instruct himself concerning our laws, customs and manners, to be better able to perform his duty; for which purpose the celestial strangers resort to the Wrangling-Hall, frequent the Playhouses, and the Opera, pay even a visit to Tyburn, and at last proceed to Parliament to hear several important Debates in both Houses. Having sufficiently examined the situation of our affairs, PAUL hies to St. James's to deliver his credentials from JUPITER, but is at this time unfortunately arrested for debt, though in the verge of the Court, at the suit of SHYLOCK, and carried with the ANGEL to a Spunging-house. PAUL sends a petition to MINOS, who treats it with the utmost contempt; and applying to the Bish—s for bail, he meets with the same success; and, for want of three or four guineas to pay the expences of the *Habeas Corpus*, is of course removed to Newgate, in company of the Angel. The Olympian guests being now in durance vile, in the most pinching circumstances, and the mortal form they assumed hindering them from attempting any escape, PAUL rouses the Demon of Superstition, by whose means the prison being set on fire, the celestial captives regain their liberty, and instantly reascend the spheres. The relation of their story throws the GODS into the utmost consternation; when JUPITER, touched with compassion for the impending annihilation of the British Empire, dispatches the HOLY GHOST to St. James's. The moment he approaches the Royal ear, the MONARCH, glowing with Divine Inspiration, turns out BOREAS and his gang, and sends for ROCK-INGHAM and his adherents; in consequence of which Revolution, all the British hearts feel themselves revived by the returning smiles of Happiness.

T H E

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FLAMES OF NEWGATE.

WHEN CHATHAM mounted to the bright abodes,
And took his glorious seat among the Gods,
Jove sent his winged messengers to call
A gen'ral synod in the spangled Hall :
The BRITONS dignified among the blest, 5
With jubilee advanc'd to meet the guest :
Great ALFRED first appear'd, the scepter'd sage,
Whose gracious laws reviv'd the golden age.

ELIZA next---she mov'd with awful pace
From her celestial dome, the virgin's place : 10
The port majestic of the radiant Queen
Seem'd to enhance the grandeur of the scene ;
Myriads of angels follow'd in her train,
Hymning the wonders of her glorious reign.

The manly wisdom which her pregnant mind 15
 Brought forth, they sung---that policy refin'd
 From CHIRON * learnt, which help'd her to oppose
 The deepest malice of her lurking foes,
 Fell hydras crush'd, and quench'd the hellish fire
 Of inquisitions and chimaras dire, 20
 To the surrounding deep impos'd her law,
 Made ENGLAND's cross strike infidels with awe,
 Secur'd the triumphs of her Naval Host,
 And gain'd that right supreme, which TWITCHER lost.
 Thrice then the chorus in symphonious strain 25
 Hail'd great ELIZA Empress of the main.

Next in high pomp seraphically bright,
 The majesty of CROMWELL struck my sight:
 High thron'd in glory, with tyrannic blood,
 His hands still smear'd, the Great Protector stood. 30
Some

* I always wonder'd that Lord Bacon in his book *de Sapientia Veterum*, took no notice of Chiron's fable, which, as Machiavel observes, offers a most important lesson to Sovereigns. According to this author, a wise Prince should be like Chiron, both man and beast, and partake like him the nature of the Fox and of the Lion: meaning, that sometimes he ought to use the stratagems of the former, and sometimes employ the violence of the latter. Where it is not safe to assume the Lion, he must put on the Fox, and on many occasions exercise the faculties of both. By this manœuvre he will be able to extricate himself out of any difficulty, and even to compass the most arduous schemes.

Some venal JOH-----N hir'd for false debates,
 Shall rise to question what the Muse relates :
 But let slaves brawl ; tho' tyrants may succeed
 To blast the laurels of a glorious deed,
 Tho' Virtue be by treach'rous means oppress'd, 35
 Her worth before the Gods stands e'er confest.
 Go, courtiers, go ! spurn CROMWELL's honours down,
 Still Heav'n gives him a title to the Crown
 Superior to all Kings ; for he alone
 Cur'd the King's evil on the BRITISH Throne. 40

But CHARLES, the Royal Martyr, so renown'd,
 In the Olympian domes could not be found ;
 An anecdote not very strange to tell,
 For many faints on earth reside in hell :
 Tyrants, with JOVE, stood ever in disgrace, 45
 And none more hated than the STUART race.

Two BRUNSWICK monarchs join'd the throng divine,
 With sev'ral princes of that gracious line ;
 A num'rous band of lords next met my view,
 Of ancient date---the modern were but few. 50
 Matrons, and vestal maids, to these succeed,
 Of whom, I fear, that we have lost the breed.

Authors sublime, with heroes hand in hand,
Who sav'd, or strove to save their native land.

SHAKESPEARE, whose genius all the Gods admire, 55

In form of Cherub, rode on wings of fire.

In form of Seraph, NEWTON soar'd above,

Esteem'd the nearest relative of JOVE.

Among the spirits of exalted name,

Immortal MILTON, and great DRYDEN came, 60

Inroll'd both in the Hierarchies divine,

And POPE the Laureat of the sacred Nine.

Angels there are, through a corporeal birth,
From providential Heav'n conjoin'd to earth:

Human their shape, but their exalted mind 65

Proves 'em above the level of mankind;

Their spirits, when they quit this mortal shore,

Affume their form angelic as before.

Such BOLINGBROKE, such LOCKE and ADDISON,

In sterling useful knowledge match'd by none; 70

And other spirits bright, whose genius lit

The glimm'ring dying lamp of modern wit.

Amid that noble progeny of light

Some liv'd obscure, the butt of Fortune's spight.

See OTWAY perish for mere want of bread, 75

Doom'd to instruct a thankless age of lead:

Angels,

Angels, like him, perhaps now share his fate,
While CUMB---ND and MURP--Y ride in state.

Lo! now the mighty Roscius of the age
Chang'd to a flutt'ring parrot in a cage. 80
Sweet pretty POLL caressing all along,
The Muses listen to his chatt'ring tongue;
Oft in their lap the creature pecks a bit,
And feeds still as before on borrow'd wit.

But where is BACON? 'mong the blest above, 85
I thought he rank'd an intimate of JOVE;
A radiant Cherub, once admir'd by all,
But the long robe and woofsack caus'd his fall.
Had he not been a Lawyer, BACON might
Flame e'er serene, a Cherubim of light;
But Lawyers justly deem'd the sons of fraud, 90
In the supernal regions are outlaw'd,
And pettyfogging is believ'd by most
The hideous sin against the Holy Ghost.

The laughter-loving DEAN arriv'd the last,
And crack'd his usual jokes on all that past. 95

'Tis strange, my optics, which prov'd never dim,
 Spy'd no Divine but TILLOTSON and him.

I should be glad to know what wicked sin
 Makes Paradise of Priests so very thin ?

For WARB---ON I look'd, but could not trace
 His Lordship through the whole æthereal space.

100

'Tis said, but I can't vouch the tale is true,
 That on the wings of Grace to Heav'n he flew,
 But meeting there in splendour DAVID HUME,
 The jealous Priest began to fret and fume ;
 Against the Gods, his pride made him rebel,
 And Satan-like, he was kick'd down to Hell.

105

The sacred synod now their hours employ
 In feasts ambrosial, and incessant joy :
 With notes melodious all the spheres resound,
 While chearful HEBE fills the goblets round,
 Till they install, with ceremonious rite,
 Their new associate in the realms of light.
 The BRITISH Gods, with patriot zeal still fir'd,
 Of ENGLAND's fortunes anxiously enquir'd :
 For in their seats above Gods seldom know
 The train of our vicissitudes below.

110

115

Of

Of our deep sorrows the new-sainted man
 Trac'd a short sketch, and sighing, thus began :

Ah, my dear country ! her superior worth, 120
 Like PHOEBUS once from ev'ry part blaz'd forth ;
 There mighty Valour kept her pompous seat,
 The proudest nations holding at her feet ;
 Imperial sails, on ev'ry coast unfurl'd,
 Proclaim'd her boundless triumphs to the world ; 125
 And happiness rear'd by heroic toil
 Was deem'd the common product of her soil.
 Trade circulating there its golden sap
 Threw all the sweets of Plenty in her lap ;
 And Freedom having broke the tyrant's chains, 130
 Cheer'd and improv'd the blood in BRITISH veins.
 The fields enrich'd by the milk-flowing NILE,
 Never enjoy'd the blessings of our isle :
 Th' enormous bliss to our first parents known
 In EDEN's groves, could scarce surpass our own. 135
 But now, how chang'd ! how my poor country fell !
 Her miseries too numerous to tell.
 The BRITISH Lion deem'd of strength a tow'r,
 Has lost his former vigour and his pow'r :

At

At his last gasp, behold him shake and shiver, 140
 Afflicted with an ever-lasting fever;
 His loss of spirits, and his languor such,
 That he receiv'd a kick e'en by the Dutch.

Omnific Jove, avert thy ENGLAND's woes,
 And crush the pride of her perfidious foes : 145
 Redeem a Monarch, whom all virtues grace,
 From the pernicious blockheads now in place.

Thus seeking for his country some relief,
 With streaming tears, that prov'd his inward grief,
 CHATHAM implor'd the Thund'rer's guardian care, 150
 And all the other Gods join'd in his pray'r.

To whom then answer'd mild the Lord of All;
 Nations were ever doom'd to rise and fall:
 Since now 'tis giv'n to thy immortal fight
 To view thy God, to measure th' infinite, 155
 Lo these surrounding suns that light the skies,
 These countless globes, which strike thy wond'ring eyes,
 With endless creatures swarm, tho' to mankind
 Audacious fools believe my plan confin'd.

From

From dancing atoms, and from Proteus' Ball 160
 The various forms arise, the life of all;
 Now through their ceaseless universal range,
 Tho' nought can perish, ev'ry thing must change.
 Learn then, that vain is thy appeal to me,
 And needless to repine at what must be: 165
 All kingdoms, soon or late, must feel the doom
 Once felt by CARTHAGE, and imperial ROME;
 But I mix not in mean concerns like these,
 With Nectar ever fill'd, I live at ease.
 The num'rous turns of my unbounded state, 170
 The keys of Nature, I consign'd to Fate,
 First Minister of Jove; without controul,
 'Tis Fate that interlinks and rules the whole:
 Did yonder world engage my partial care,
 Could mortals be so wretched as they are? 175

Thus spake the voice omnific---CHATHAM mourn'd,
 And prompted still by Hope, these words return'd:

D

A sad

Proteus ball.] Proteus being taken by philosophers for the type of matter,
 the author has poetically designed the motion of the universe by a Ball or
 dance of that Deity.

But I mix not.] The sentiments delivered here by Jupiter are consonant
 to the best philosophical notions of the ancients.

A sad decree of Fate, makes ENGLAND bleed,
 But JUPITER can change what Fate decreed :
 Who can resist JOVE's all-compelling will ?
 Thy nod may stem the torrent of our ill. 180
 Too plain, that human cares and mortal faults
 Can ne'er engage the wisdom of thy thoughts,
 But BRITONS shin'd distinguish'd from the rest,
 In virtuous freedom once supremely blest ;
 'Twas Heav'n distill'd our fathers' gen'rous blood, 185
 The smiles of JOVE, thy mercy made them good.
 Thy gen'ral favour now they can't expect,
 Too well they know that Heav'n scorns to protect :
 Hare-hearted wretches as the MINDEN Hero,
 And JEMMY TWITCH---a fiddler worse than NERO, 190
 Old TEMPEST, RIGGISH, RHADAMANTUS fell,
 And cruel MINOS dreadful Chief of Hell.
 The Financier so ignorant and vain,
 Rear'd by the Furies for his country's bane,
 But some behold bred up in virtuous lore, 195
 With candid patriot heart thy aid implore.
 MANCHESTER, DEVONSHIRE, and GRAFTON see ;
 And Virtue's GRACES are not only three :
 Lo RICHMOND's tongue embellishing her shrine,
 See PORTLAND's goodness makes her more divine. 200
 The

The Sov'reign, above all, exalt I must,
 A patriot-prince, benevolent and just;
 The King of ZENO, hitherto unknown,
 Behold now sitting on the BRITISH Throne;
 The noblest subject for the Muses pen, 205
 The first of Monarchs, and the best of men;
 By scandal's busy tongue untouch'd his fame,
 The goodness of his heart his only blame:
 Hence Sun like him we see through all the land,
 His equal rays beneficent expand; 210
 Glad e'en the wretch who his bright name blasphemes,
 And gild those vapours that eclips'd his beams.
 Then of his soul, the noble partner view,
 Who shares his splendour, and his virtues too,
 And as the blossoms of MINERVA's tree, 215
 To which Athenian sages bent the knee,
 Behold the smiling pledges of their love,
 All worthy objects of the care of JOVE.

These suppliant accents, (an event most strange!)
 In the primeval order caus'd a change. 220
 But

Glad e'en the wretch.] The old Arcadians declared open war to the Sun,
 and used to shoot arrows against that luminary, with an intention of destroy-
 ing it.

But first the Monarch of th' empireal vault,
 Summon'd St. GEORGE to answer for his fault:
 A fainted patron, said th' ethereal Sire,
 While all the fiends of hell and earth conspire
 Against the country trusted to his care, 225
 Must I see lolling in his easy chair:
 Thou mad'st, as Fame reports, a Dragon bleed,
 Shew now thy courage for a nobler deed:
 Be thine a threefold monster to restrain
 The perfidy of HOLLAND, FRANCE, and SPAIN; 230
 The many-headed fiend for ENGLAND'S evil,
 See leagu'd with Dr. FRANKLIN and the Devil,
 My *footstool* all endeavouring to snatch,
 Quick to thy post, and keep the strictest watch.

The taunted champion felt the quickest sense 235
 Of the reproach, and rose in his defence.

Of blissful rest my Saintship shall I rob,
 To be insulted by an English mob?
 So very near related to the POPE,
 My lot would be a faggot or a rope, 240

Spite

Footstool.] In the language of Scripture, the land of promise is called the
Footstool of God.

Spite of my sanctity, and of my garter,
 The novel Kirk I know would give no quarter:
 Ancients ador'd my name, but moderns rail,
 And think my wond'rous feats a crazy tale.
 No incense now, no worship, tho' one day,
 All pray'd to me, as RICHARD in the play.
 Thus having spoke, the message he refus'd,
 And with submission begg'd to be excus'd.
 As once at VULCAN, Gods were seen to jeer,
 The blessed pow'rs laugh'd at the fainted Peer--- 250
 Him for the task confid'ring little fit,
 Jove pitch'd on GABRIEL, a much greater wit :
 But CHATHAM to the choice consented not,
 And urg'd some motives, which the Muse forgot.
 To shun the dangers, that his mind perplex, 255
 He asks an Angel of the female sex :
 For such there are ; or they must think amiss
 Who call the starry frame the seat of bliss ;

E

What

Richard in the play.] The solemn invocation of the tyrant Richard to St. George has never been noticed by the admirers of Shakespeare, though an excellent stroke levelled at the mummary of the Church of Rome ; for it is to be observed, that in the Popish persuasion the blackest-villains ever proved the greatest bigots.

Which the Muse forgot.] Here the author seems to allude to a nefarious incident in the story of Lot, and a certain attempt that made some noise during the exhibition last season at Somerfet-House.

What can that Nectar be so fam'd above,
But the pure sweets of never-flagging Love? 260

CHATHAM prevail'd, a female Angel came,
Order'd by Jove, and ANNA was her name.---
The wonder of her graces to report,
Both HERMES and APOLLO would fall short.
Were all the female charms that grace this land 265
Together set by REYNOLD's skilful hand,
The portrait might perhaps pass for her own,
But justice to her worth could ne'er be done.
For loving swains I play the painter's part,
Pointing to each the mistress of his heart; 270
Thus at one dash, great as APOLLO's line,
I draw the picture of that fair divine.

OLYMPUS' ruler, with a gracious look,
The soul-enchancing virgin thus bespoke:
Tho' free from mortal cares I e'er remain'd, 275
Assenting to what Destiny ordain'd,
A privilege to BRITAIN I have giv'n,
Which now must break th' establish'd laws of Heav'n.
With numberless calamities beset,
Her virtuous sons shall JUPITER forget? 280

Along

Along their cheeks I view the streaming tears,
 Their mercy-moving Hymns have reach'd my ears ;
 I see a Monarch with his All at stake,
 Whom Heav'n must shelter for his virtues' sake :
 Mark then my order---to the BRITISH Court 285
 For his relief on winged speed resort :
 First, MINOS fond of cruelty and evil,
 Our *mittimus* shall hurry to the Devil ;
 Then RHADAMANTUS, the Contractors' friend,
 Old TEMPEST, TWITCHER, all to Hell I send, 290
 With BOREAS, that dull watchman, e'er asleep,
 And all the snakes that at St. JAMES's creep :
 Let the whole gang be instantly dismiss'd,
 And give to G----E this ministerial list :
 Great ROCK----AM and K---EL at the helm : 295
 Their wisdom shall redeem the sinking Realm ;
 SHEL----E must join, with RICH---ND, ABIN--ON,
 And CA-DEN of ASTRÆA only son---
 CARM--THEN, CON-AY, GR--TON, come the next,
 Who ne'er were seen to swerve from Virtue's text ; 300
 And to associate, 'tis my ardent wish,
 To the new rulers, honest CAV--DISH :
 Nay, lest the patriot system should miscarry,
 P-TT I include, H-WE, EFFI-GHAM, and BA-RE ;

Hibernian happiness I then commit
 To POR---AND's judgement, and FITZ----ICK's wit.
 Bid G-----E the former measures ne'er pursue,
 But form a code of politics quite new;
 The manly sense of Fox shall be his rule,
 Join'd to young CONGREVE's ministerial school;
 Nor must he fail to decorate the work 305
 With the *sublime* and *beautiful* of BURKE.

He spoke, and forward sprung the winged fair,
 Sweeping the regions of the circling air :
 'Twas just the hour, when urg'd by THETIS' charms,
 The ruler of the day sinks in her arms : 310
 The beaming Angel pour'd a flood of light,
 And all around dispers'd the shades of night :
 Fleeter than arrows, in her course sublime
 She reach'd St. JAMES's at the levees time.
 Her starbright mien, and her refulgent shape 315
 Set busy Curiosity agape ;
 On her the Loves and all the Graces wait,
 As when the Cyprian Queen appears in state :
 The whiteness of her breast, that sham'd the lilly,
 Is only seen in Heav'n and Piccadilly, 320
 And her high feathers and majestic face
 Made many Courtiers swear it was her Grace ;

But

But she excell'd our most excelling fair,
 Possessing all the merit which they share:
 The orient rose, that hue of innocence, 325
 Which ravishes the soul, and charms the sense,
 Those golden ringlets, which the lov'liest deck,
 And play like CUPIDS on AUGUSTA's neck,
 The dignity of SEF---ON and CAR--ISLE,
 DUNC---ON's iv'ry teeth and winning smile, 330
 Blithe CAM---LL's taper leg and nimble feet,
 And JER--Y's looks so languishingly sweet!
 The form of MILB---N, that enslaves the heart,
 And CRA-EN's genius, Beauty's noblest part;
 RICHM-ND's good humour, and her front serene, 335
 The waist of DA--ER, slender, straight and clean,
 Her manners soft, and such as all must please,
 Her elegance, her wit, and graceful ease.
 Blest charms, that can but spring from Paradise,
 And might confute all Atheists in a trice; 340
 As a superior wonder she came on,
 By all, with burning wishes, gaz'd upon.

Some macarony puppies drawing near,
 As a light aspen leaf, she quak'd with fear;
 E'en Maids of Honour who advanc'd to speak, 345
 Call'd up repeated blushes in her cheek.

A tim'rous dove, by rav'nous birds insnar'd
 She look'd, and wisely stood upon her guard,
 Unable to perform the high behest,
 Not knowing how King G----- could be addrest: 350
 Some stranger for her guide she must employ,
 But those in view had render'd her too coy,
 When on a sudden, and not very far,
 She spy'd the twinkling of a moving star,
 Which from its aspect unbenign and dull, 355
 To be the sign she fancied of the Bull:
 But soon she found the star was a mere joke,
 And the Bull not celestial, yet she spoke,
 And told the mortal Bull she came to bring
 A sov'reign mandate to the BRITISH King. 360
 The purport of her errand she pursu'd,
 The Ministers then extant to exclude:
 Expell'd they all must be by Jove's command,
 Who a new list had fram'd with his own hand,

BOREAS, the object of her queer mistake, 365
 Too drowsy for a coxcomb or a rake,
 With stoic scorn look'd down on the sweet maid,
 And lent no sort of faith to what she said;
 Nay, thinking she was but a common cheater,
 Had her at once turn'd out by a Beef-eater.--- 370

But

But **Twitcher** at this time arriving there,
 Rebuk'd the Knave of Clubs, and help'd the fair ;
 For **Jemmy** is a gallant ever ready
 To pay his foppish duty to a lady ;
 Tho' it may seem, for him 'twould be more wise 375
 To patch his rotten carcass for the skies.
 The winning graces of the fair, divine,
 The courtiers' earthly thoughts could not refine,
 To all a wond'rous object she appears,
 But none thinks her descended from the spheres : 380
 An Angel she is styl'd, like many more,
 Who get that name by vulgar metaphor.

From her pretended charge the **NAVAL EARL**
 Inferr'd she was some crazy country girl ;
 To humour then her whim, and to bewitch her, 385
 These flatt'ring guileful words were spoke by **Twitcher** :
 Of Angels I have heard, but never knew
 What Angels were before I gaz'd on you :
 Your mind so noble, and your heart so pure,
 You are a Paradise in miniature ; 390
 By chance I over-heard that from the stars
 You dropp'd by **Jove's** command on state affairs ;
 Behold in me a Statesman and a Lord,
 I shall conduct you to the Council-board,

And

And since the King you ask, let's to KING'S-PLACE, 395
There you shall open your important case.

Him the meek Angel follow'd unaware,
Till she got to the Devil's thoroughfare,
And still led on by his deceitful words,
She found the Strophades, and its foul birds. 400

With Mother WINDSOR he took her to dinner ;
Alas ! an Angel dine with such a finner !
There with amaze she 'spy'd a motley pack
Of rev'rend rakes and guards, both red and black,
In phlegethon their lust gone to refresh, 405
And feeding like the crow on carrion flesh :
As the bright virgin scorn'd their language rude,
The brutish herd call'd her a squeamish prude :
One boldly tried to sport his wanton hand,
But he receiv'd a biting reprimand : 410
Her soft angelic voice like ORPHEUS' lute
Represt his savage thoughts, and tam'd the brute :
But TWITCHER hop'd the guilt-concealing night
Would forward his salacious appetite ;
MORPHEUS his poppies round began to shed, 415
And call'd the nuns of BABYLON to bed :

Making

Into his wish then JEMMY strove to creep,
 Degrading to a pimp, the God of Sleep;
 But ANNA's judgment had foreseen the trick;
 And all the dark contrivance of Old Nick; 420
 As Angels' frames are made of fluid air,
 'Twas no hard matter to elude the snare:
 Thro' a small chink, with ease, she pass'd unknown,
 When TWITCHER grop'd for ANNA, she was gone;
 A tempting softness yet allur'd his touch, 425
 Which made him think 'twas there the Angel's couch;
 But when the saffron morn the light restor'd,
 Great was th' amazement of the lech'rous Lord;
 Thinking to riot in celestial charms,
 He clasp'd a rotten LARGA in his arms: 430
 At the old faded Drab behold him stare,
 As at the Beauties of the Rev'rend BLAIR;
 Ixion in his odd and sad mishap
 Could not be struck with such a thunder-clap.

Meantime the Gods and all th' angelic throng 435
 Could not conceive why ANNA staid so long:
 Their fears to still, in council they advise
 To send her a protection from the skies;

G

So

Of the Rev'rend Blair.] These bewitching Beauties have just been publish'd.

So the superior universal Lord
 Commanded PAUL to gird his flaming sword, 440
 And instantly repair to ALBION's shore,
 The cause of ANNA's ling'ring to explore ;
 Then lend her his assistance to fulfil
 With caution and dispatch th' OLYMPIAN will.

PAUL being an exalted LONDON Cit, 445
 Was for the bus'ness thought extremely fit ;
 Tho' I observ'd of late (and 'tis great pity)
 That he has lost his credit in the City ;
 To their high Chair he never shall advance,
 I think the Devil stands a better chance ; 450
 All wishes of preferment he must drop,
 For he has nothing but a *naked shop* ;
 So much declining is the trade of PAUL,
 That he can get no customers at all ;
 Besides, the trading art he little knew, 455
 When he abjur'd the conscience of a Jew.

A minor Cherub now the wallet brings,
 And lends to PAUL his bright expanded wings ;
 About the middle of th' ethereal track,
 He met the flying Angel coming back ; 460
 Whom

Whom to return he caus'd, and having heard
 What she had seen on earth, and what she fear'd,
 Her beams to hide, he rais'd a sudden fog,
 And thought more prudent to remain incog,
 Assuming a new form, and new attire, 465
 She a plain Miss, and PAUL a country 'Squire:
 But ere PAUL execute the sov'reign charge,
 Our manners he thinks fit to view at large,
 In even scales to weigh our good and ill,
 And first goes to his house on LUDGATE-HILL; 470
 Astonish'd there to hear some humming boys
 Addressing to the clouds a stupid noise;
 Tho' PAUL's own words they oft presum'd to quote,
 He could not understand a single note.

The man divine, and the celestial maid, 475
 To the Play-houses constant visits paid,
 Instructions from the stage they hop'd to reap,
 And of admittance then the terms were cheap;
 For BOREAS had not yet, urg'd by despair,
 Express'd his mind to pick our pockets there; 480
 When ABINGTON stepp'd forth to strut her hour,
 In raptures they admir'd her mimic pow'r,
 And, spite of modern bards, they aim'd their praise
 More frequent at the Play'rs than at the plays.

Genius and Wit seem quite exotic things, 485
 Like flies our Authors swarm, but without wings;
 Except when MU-PHY lets his fancy loose,
 For then we see him soaring like a goose,
 Tho' some may think his flying a romance,
 Yet sure his Muse took sev'ral flights to FRANCE, 490
 And brought home affectation and grimaces,
 Which Dunces take for VENUS and the Graces;
 With borrow'd smiles the strumpet strives to please,
 And gives to British ears the FRENCH disease.
 She often picks, as many Muses do, 495
 Her sisters' pockets, and the public's too—
 By pilf'ring she acquir'd her little store,
 And, strange to tell! she plunders most the poor;
 'Tis known, FRENCH Poets have not much to lose,
 And yet we see them robb'd by MUR-HY'S Muse, 500
 Not scrupling e'en to steal a musty jest,
 As frontless, tho' more awkward than Miss WEST*.

For Tragedy, then Comedy, and Farce,
 Invention now so barren! wit so scarce!
 That Dramatists have introduc'd the mode 505
 To pilfer character and episode,

Fable

* A well-known inhabitant of Newgate.

Fable and all ; I wonder they have not
 Already stolen the Gun-powder Plot :
 In foreign soils their choicest flow'rs are grown,
 The only weeds of Dulness are their own. 510

Asham'd to use the sacred virgins ill,
 At last repentant MU-PHY dropt his quill,
 MINERVA he presumes no more to fight,
 But CUM---LAND continues in her spite.

Once with the Psalms of holy DAVID grac'd, 515
 He tried to save our souls, and damn'd our taste ;
 And now his Muse, like that of ARETINE,
 Pulls up her petticoat in ev'ry scene.

I wish Young CONGREVE to his witty school
 Would summon, as before, each scribbling fool ; 520
 But Government his talents cannot spare,
 See Fox and him combin'd to ease her care,
 Wipe off Old TEMPEST's ministerial sins,
 And BRITAIN guard, as ROME, the SPARTAN Twins!

There but remains, to check the witling strife, 52
 The noble Author of the Jealous Wife.---

H

Little

The Psalms of holy David.] The West ---, The Widow of Ad--- and
 Cal---.

That of Aretine.] The Walloons.

Young Congreve.] The celebrated author of the School for Scandal.

Spartan twins.] Castor and Pollux.

Little like AMMON's son, but a great Chief,
 From him alone, the Public hope relief:
 In figure quite outdone by FALSTAFF's page,
 And yet the mighty ATLAS of the Stage. 530

Of filly puns, and sentimental stuff,
 Th' ethereal strangers having heard enough,
 And their low spirits wanting to rejoice,
 Hasten'd to hear enchanting HARPER's voice,
 And own'd, in ev'ry note, she struck their ears 535
 With the melodious sweetness of the spheres;
 Amaz'd, the starbright Angel roll'd her eyes,
 And fancied her descended from the skies,
 A Sister dear---observing in her face,
 The mirror of her own attractive grace. 540

Now to FRENCH dancing, and ITALIAN song,
 The tide of Fashion drives the world along:
 An Opera---most wond'rous charming thing!
 Where Monkeys caper, and where Capons sing.
 When RASCALLINI came to squeak an air, 545
 The warbling monster made the Angel stare---
 For a mere tickling sound---(O thought most base!)
 To mar and sacrifice the human race:

PAUL

PAUL curs'd the laws that gave such brutal scope,
 And damn'd for it his Holiness the POPE. 550
 See now those wingy-heel'd and dext'rous imps,
 The Dev'l and FRANCE have chosen for our pimps;
 While on the GALLIC Throne a filthy wench
 Defil'd the public spirit of the FRENCH,
 When LEWIS cried, *my kingdom for a whore!* 555
 FRENCH fopp'ries seldom left their native shore,
 Then BRITONS priz'd but men of useful parts,
 And set no value on the fribbling arts;
 The *Monsieurs* are grown solid in their turn,
 And we embrace those follies which they spurn. 560

To visit ev'ry stage, they went to see
 The tragedies perform'd on Tyburn tree,
 Expecting that all knaves should pay the fine
 To justice, and fall victims at her shrine;
 Whene'er a cart with *Dennis* in drew near, 565
 They wonder'd JEMMY TWITCHER was not there.
 For a mock fraud see DODD condemn'd to swing,
 Tho' once he preach'd the Gospel to his King:
 While MINOS keeps the key of Mercy's door,
 There can be no indulgence for the poor. 570

Muse

[*A filthy wench.*] Madam Pompadour, and the Countess of Barry.

Muse now let forth the BRITISH Code to PAUL,
 And sing the Heroes of the wrangling Hall.
 Tho' their black *Dominos* seem to persuade
 That Lawyers only mean a masquerade,
 Yet of their sable hue the real cause 575
 Is, that they are in mourning for the laws,
 Sweet blooming virgins, whom *ASTRÆA* bred,
 From vile degen'rate mortals, ere she fled;
 Some have been poison'd by infectious breath,
 Some butcher'd, and contorted quite to death. 580
 See *MINOS*' bloody paws, in number more,
 Than e'en *BRIAREUS* had in days of yore.
 See, like *Macbeth*, he has perform'd the deed,
 And caus'd the Laws and Mercy both to bleed.

When Justice fled, still partial to mankind, 585
 She left the balance and the sword behind;
 The sword to break, our Lawyers were not long,
 And in its room they put their flippant tongue,
 Which, as gold bids, into the scabbard slides,
 Or like the Delphian blade, cuts on all sides. 590
 The balance of the Goddess still they hold,
 But they profane its use, and weigh their gold;
 Which yet I must confess exceeding right,
 For many of their guineas must be light;

Each

Each penny of the loser they call in, 595
 But then they clip the gold of those that win ;
 Hence plaintiffs and defendants, all the same,
 Are ever sure to play a losing game.

Tho' oft a Lawyer brays just like an ass,
 He shews more wit than ANAXAGORAS ; 600
 For this had but a philosophic knack
 To prove that snow was neither white nor black,
 But Lawyers will affirm that day is night,
 And shew that white is black, and black is white :
 Is there a guilty Lord, or a Nabob, 605
 More black than MINOS' heart, or RAPINE's robe ?
 Fee RAPINE well, and he cares not a fig
 To shew the Devil whiter than his wig.
 On hearing *scire facias*, *certiorari*,
 A cant by Lawyers us'd to gull th' unwary : 610
 On pondering the shifts of their chicane,
 Their formal nonsense, and their rattling strain,
 PAUL swore, the Pharisaical synagogues
 Must yield the palm to such egregious rogues,
 And at their tribe so much offended was, 615
 That straight he wrote AD ANGLOS RABULAS.

I

Soon

Anglos Rabulas.] *Rabula* is the proper Latin word for pettifogger.

Soon his Epistle shall appear in print,
 Ye snarling Critics take this friendly hint--
 Against the world, tho' 'tis your trade to bawl,
 Refrain your venal spleen, and spare St. PAUL: 620
 Him censure not, for he can censure too,
 And knows what Critics are as well as you.

Tho' Critics in their skulls have all the Nine,
 Yet of their own they can't produce one line;
 Thus marble blocks the Deities contain, 625
 The Devil is, they want an artist's brain;
 Of Authors merit, while they hold the scale,
 And sell their puny judgment by retail,
 To language foul they add a cheating weight,
 Great masters in the school of Billingsgate. 630

More heavy than the giants at Guildhall
 On the Pierian maids see JOH---N fall:
 Magog of Critics, to whom all submit,
 Our golden calf in learning and in wit;
 Bolder than TITAN's race he hopes to rise 635
 By fustian pil'd on fustian to the skies.
 His scheme so artful, and his plan so deep,
 He braves the Gods, while they are fast asleep;

With

With sacrilegious heart, and mind obscene,
 On MILTON's tomb see him distil his spleen ; 640
 See him defile the Muses most sublime,
 Draw Ignorance from Wit, from Virtue Crime,
 Like DONELLAN (that bloody treach'rous thief),
 Extracting poison from the laurel-leaf :
 A dreadful Chymist---- in deceptions bold, 645
 Who palms on all the world his brags for gold :
 See now his juggling brethren to surpass,
 MACPHERSON's gold he makes appear but *brags*.
 That *Ossian* e'er could sing, 'tis not agreed,
 But lo! the *second sight*, our sceptic's creed, 650
 Too oft impostors bent on artful schemes
 Attempt to gull the world with idle dreams ;
 But then to sacred truths they often try
 For wretched lust of Fame to give the lie ;
 Yet lo! an altar to his merit rare! 655
 The first that was erected for a Bear.
 In raptures lost a crowd of fools peruse
 His turgid diction, and his thoughts abstruse,

With

Second Sight.] Journey to the Western Islands.

Erected for a Bear.] History records several temples built in honour of Monkeys, Affes, Serpents, Dogs, Cats, and Crocodiles, but never in honour of a Bear.

With sacred awe mark his pedantic rage,
 And pick up special *beauties* in his page. 660
 Who shall not play the fop, and make a show,
 When CALIBAN himself is thought a *beau*?
 Behold, each witling and Parnassian scrub
 Stands gazing at the Cynic in his tub!
 But say, what sober judgment can admire 665
 A Pedant burning with ALECTO's fire,
 Presumptuous, stiff, and peevish in dispute,
 Without one beam of Grace, a learned brute?
 When ALEXANDER prais'd the Grecian Dog,
 He was a greater blockhead than King LOG.
 I shudder at a toad, tho' all should own, 670
 That in his head there lies a precious stone:
 Slaves may be partial to their JOH—N's name,
 And Dunces try to gild his brazen fame,
 But Wisdom frowns with sad contracted brow
 The pedagogue of POPE, and MILTON's foe; 675
 Should

Thought a Beau.] The Beauties of Dr. Joh——n lately published.

Shudder at a Toad.] There are Naturalists, who affirm that they found a precious Stone in the head of several Toads; upon which Sir Thomas Brown, in his Enquiries into Vulgar Errors, delivers his opinion as follows: "As for the stone, commonly called a *Toad-stone*, which is presumed to be found in the head of that animal, we conceive it not a thing impossible, &c. Chap. xiii. Book iii.

Should he boast GIBBONS' style, and join'd with it 680
 The Rhetoric of FOX, and BRINSLEY's Wit,
 Like ZOILUS still, the butt of biting rhymes,
 His memory must stink to future times,
 Or be like DENNIS' name in death forgot,
 And sooner than his carcass doom'd to rot. 685
 Tho' much I hate his literary tricks,
 Still I detest him more in politicks;
 Confederated with the factious crowd
 Against his Sov'reign once he roar'd aloud;
 The freedom or the license of his pen 690
 From penury and famine *sav'd* him then,
 But with a treach'ry, JUDAS never knew,
 He sold his SAVIOUR and blasphem'd it too;
 The slavish tool, by tyrants better fed,
 Reviles that liberty which gave him bread; 695
 Yet most extol a character so base,
 Mistaking his hypocrisy for grace.

Cool-blooded Critics us'd to fearful steps
 Of Pegasus pretend to check the leaps;
 But shall I cut his wings, and in its place 700
 Their bit put on to make him lose the race?
 Foe to each curb, his mettle is my guide,
 And with my guests to Parliament I ride.

Lo! to their seats both Whigs and Tories run,
 Some for affairs of State, and some for fun; 705
 For selfish views this comes to prop the Throne,
 That for the public good, and means his own;
 Some to both parties interest unites,
 In politics declar'd hermaphrodites.
 Fell Discord now begins her foul debates, 710
 'Tis not the measure, but the man she hates,
 And wrangling in the shape of Whig and Tory,
 Behold her fix the *Tropic* of our glory;
 Some dumb, not better than the jarring knaves
 Like the play-mutes, a set of abject slaves; 720
 But Senators there are, who leave the throng,
 (Majorities are often in the wrong)
 Like CATO, these are all prepar'd to bleed,
 Of ROCKINGHAM adhering to the *Creed*;
 Three articles of faith---'bove ev'ry thing, 725
 To love his God, his Country, and his King.
 See thus CARMARTHEN with true patriot zeal
 Resign his Office for the public weal.

To whom observing MI--EN 'mong the Lords
 MINERVA prompted these sarcastic words. 730

Say

Say, thou milk-liver'd man, how cam'st thou here?
 Long time ago I thought thee dead with fear.
 What do I view in that majestic post,
 Is it thy honour, or thy honour's ghost?
 Ambitious fool! first to secure thy aim, 735
 Go, and blot out the annals of thy shame;
 What can give weight to thy exalted feather?
 Not all the titles in this House together.
 Cheat by clean hearts is seldom understood,
 'Tis dangerous for Princes to be good; 740
 By Ministers misled, they see things pass
 Through the false medium of a treach'rous glass.
 Good Monarchs I have found upon record,
 Who sometimes took a ribband for a cord,
 Call'd asses Dukes, styl'd Lord a public thief, 745
 And thought knaves equal to a loin of beef.

Therfites-like poor MI---EN sneak'd along
 With tearfull-eyes, and gave his thoughts no tongue.
 Then ABIN---N, e'er ready to transact
 The gen'ral good, mov'd for the Marriage-Act: 750
 When

A Loin of Beef.] When James the First knighted a Loin of Beef, he observed it would ever prove the best Knight in the kingdom.

When lo! a Scarecrow, (mischievous controul!) 755
 Set up to shake the firmness of the soul,
 With terrifying looks the godlike Peer
 Obstructed in his laudable career;
 And thus much his philanthropy complain'd
 To see the people's happiness restrain'd.----- 760

On yonder wool--ck full of vain parade,
 Methinks I spy the Dev'l in masquerade:
 His meretricious tongue, and furly brow,
 Proclaim and indicate the common foe;
 His bosom boiling with insidious strife, 765
 Behold, he sits now on the tree of life;
 Truth with some quirks most eager to disprove,
 And bent to blast the *paradise of love*.

To him stern RHADAMANTUS thus replies:
 I little thought that Hell was Paradise. 770
 The Bird of Paradise, a flutt'ring thing,
 Said to remain for ever on the wing,
 Is like the heart, with which most wives are curst,
 (A simile much better than the first)

The

The Bird of Paradise.] So called through a mistake of the ancient naturalists,
 who believed this bird to be a perpetual wanderer in the air.

The nuptial bondage is the sexes' jail,
 But all the modish wives go out on bail, 775
 And tho' confin'd, to make their partners fools,
 It is enough for them to have the *rules*.

Most women are too easily misled,
 Their reason weaker than a single thread;
 As an electric tool a sparkling Beau 780

Drives female hearts like feathers to and fro.
 Some witless stripling, and uncautious boy,
 May ring the praises of a wedded joy;
 Like JONAS, gourd this vainly puff'd delight
 Springs up and withers in a single night; 785
 Or at the most, one month of turtle-billing,
 The rest no man of sense thinks worth a shilling.

I cannot blame the *Baronet*, who sold
 For that mean price his partner's copy-hold.
 Let Aldermen, and all the servile train 790
 Of City-cuckolds hug the marriage-chain,
 Let easy fools their buxom mates adore,
 TWITCHER and I shall ever keep a whore.

Now MINOS thus---I crown with my applause
 My Colleague's speech, I find in it no flaws, 795
 But highly must reprove the daring Peer,
 Who, at the awful Wod----ck cast a sneer.

Sure weak his sense, and odd must be his mind,
Who flouts the laws--then **BACON**--on rejoin'd.

The sacred laws of England I revere, 800
No God can make them wiser than they are;
But constantly profan'd by quirks and flaws,
I see but Lawyers, and can see no laws:
Where lies their pow'r, when in the face of day
Records are alter'd, Rights explain'd away; 805
Our charters tortur'd from the rightful scope,
As Gospels are perverted by the PORE.
Of happiness our laws were once the nurse,
Now Lawyers from the laws extract our curse.
Behold, in spite of his all-knowing mind, 810
BACON mark'd down the meanest of mankind.
What shall we deem the Lawyers of our days,
Deserving **BACON**'s blame without his praise?
Few precedents of trials won or lost
Are all the mighty knowledge they can boast; 815
They often rest, though with presumption big,
Their merit on the *volume* of a Wig.
See **MINOS** for a gesture and a look,
Esteem'd more wise than **LYTTLETON** and **COOK**.

A wooden

A wooden idol once was seen to nod, 820
 And numbers fell prostrate before the God;
 But when they search'd within the Idol's head,
 They found their senses by a rat misled.

Yet with prepost'rous schemes, and high-blown pride,
 The Commonwealth these *rats* presume to guide: 825
 In politics our Lawyers most I hate,
 Their Writs of Error have undone the State.

Ill-brooking his confusion, and defeat,
 Incensed MINOS started from his feat,
 And quick array'd, to serve his hostile ends, 830
 The *cubic phalanx* of his subject fiends.
 Tho' RHADAMANTUS seems the bolder man,
 Yet MINOS as a Chief stood in the van;
 The public wishes ardent to impeach,
 Before his banded pow'rs he made this speech, 835

'Twould be enough the motion to deride,
 To quote the noble arguments of pride;
 If marriages were free, as Nature meant,
 Old Lords must keep their lust under restraint.

Shall

Shall we a beggar, tho' for public good, 840
 Allow to meddle with Patrician blood?
 And wives encreasing then by many scores,
 What will become of our innum'rous Whores?
 Spite of each loving swain, and am'rous lass,
 The Marriage Act, I swear, shall never pass. 845
 The Host, with their foul breath, join'd their old Crony,
 And stain'd the tempting bloom of Matrimony---

O alienate from sense--exclaim'd aloud
 RICH---ND against that vain, and slavish crowd.

[Pride, the consumptive Child of a weak mind, 850
 A monstrous ugly thing, ill-shap'd and blind:
 Once on his legs, I wonder'd how he stood,
 For, empty shadows are his wonted food;
 But now I see, that to complete our curse,
 The Dev'l appointed Flatt'ry for his nurse; 855
 Hence all her slaves most artfully contrive
 With asses-milk to keep the brat alive.---

Next CAM--EN, to whom PALLAS lent her tongue
 So often to redress a public wrong.

Have

Have I then liv'd to see the poor oppress'd 860
 By those proud Chiefs, who ought to make them blest?
 When I behold the Daniels of the age
 Oppose the public good with hellish rage;
 When I observe that Men's superior parts
 In flame but the Corruption of their hearts; 865
 Like TIMON griev'd, I feel myself inclin'd
 To curse existence, and to shun mankind.

SHEL--NE pursu'd with energy the theme,
 Extending far his Philosophic beam,
 And shew'd, since sense was often a disgrace, 870
 His mean opinion of the human race.

Those senseless brutes, those insects we despise,
 Are happier sure than men, if not more wise;
 In indolence and peace they go through life,
 But man is born for a perpetual strife, 875
 When first the Midwife helps him at Life's gate,
 Behold, he weeps as conscious of his fate,
 In tears his eyes e'er drown'd till Reason peeps;
 For then, alas! it is the Heart that weeps.
 Ere objects strike the mind, and we can think, 880
 We know not what to eat, nor what to drink;

M

And

And many years, for ev'ry man must flow,
 To learn what in one month e'en asses know.
 To all that breathes on earth, moves in the air,
 Or in the Ocean, a maternal care 885
 Indulgent Nature shews, except to man,
 The sole neglected creature in her plan.
 Nature for him declines the mother's part,
 And leaves the *bastard* to be nurs'd by art;
 And yet Creation's ample range around, 890
 Man thinks no worthier object can be found
 Than his reflecting mind; this makes him vain,
 And proves the *fatal spring* that turns his brain.
 Lo! in the chair of Pride the dullest sit,
 Wrapt up in admiration of their Wit, 895
 Of that exalted light, that spark of Heav'n,
 By thoughtless Gods to RHADAMANTUS giv'n---
 I might dispute the doctrine, and not want
 The quirks of RAPINE to contest the grant;
 But this bright ray, which renders men so proud, 900
 We find for e'er obstructed by some cloud,
 Itself no wisdom, and at best a rule
 To trace how far a man may be a fool.
 Alas! this reason we so much admire,
 Against the fiery blasts of wild desire, 905
 Th'

Th' impetuous gales of lust contends in vain,
 Like a drunk Pilot on the stormy main.
 Conceited man to Wisdom points the way,
 While Angels were by Folly led astray:
 By his bright wits he thinks the stars, the Sun, 910
 All the created wonders quite outdone;
 The dignity of Heav'n presumes to ape,
 To equal Gods in knowledge and in shape,
 And claims for his inheritance the sky,
 While the poor wretch is meaner than a fly: 915
 The flutt'ring insect, soaring on her wings,
 Does that which can't be done by all the Kings.

To hear now what the faithful Commons say,
 My Heroes go, while Phœbus leads the way,
 In justice to the poor, in Freedom's cause, 920
 Hear BEAU---MP teaching Mercy to the laws;
Imprisonment for Debt, a barb'rous plan!
 Endeav'ring to reform, he thus began---

BRITONS may scoff at Kings, call Emp'rors knaves,
 But MINOS' Iron-men can make them slaves. 925
 Who

Minos' Iron-men.] The bailiffs of the great ancestor of Minos were all distinguished by that name.

Who can explain this paradox to me,
 Why Freemen and Freeholders are not free?
 The sons of England in the World's belief
 Renown'd no less for Liberty than Beef,
 From the Majestic Rome are deem'd to spring; 930
 JOHN BULL, the faithful image of a King.
 At Brentford each septennial review
 Displays ten thousand Kings instead of two:
 But often struck by 'Fortune's blasting frown
 Ten of these Kings possess not half a Crown. 935
 Undone by Taxes, and decline of Trade,
 JOHN BULL, thro' TWITCHER's blunders, Bankrupt made,
 By savage Duns to prison, right or wrong,
 Behold with his Regalia dragg'd along.
 Wealth was deem'd guilt in Tyrant NERO's times, 940
 We greater Tyrants deem Misfortunes crimes.
 Old Pagan Laws devoid of Christian shame
 The poor Insolvent Debtor us'd to maim:
 Our Christian Laws the Paganism revive,
 And bury for Ten Pounds a man alive. 945
 To serve the ends of a rapacious gang
 Hear RHADAMANTUS' barbarous harangue;

Hark

Hark then that Chief curst by the word of God,
 The scourge of Freedom, and the Pauper's rod.
 In vain with Mercy's fires my bosom glows 950
 While Senates lend their Faith to Nature's foes.
 Alas! we suffer Charity to freeze,
 Left Lawyers and Bumbailiffs lose their fees.
 Indulge not MINOS' rage against the poor,
 And turn no longer Mercy out of door ; 955
 See in those Dungeons built for their abode,
 Some feeding on the vapour of a Toad,
 Mere victims of Revenge see many there
 Lost to their Country, wedded to Despair.

Good-natur'd PAUL seem'd much confounded here, 960
 And the soft-temper'd Angel dropt a tear.

Now Pop'ry stirring a diverting fray,
 Religion's awful subject comes in play ;

N

Behold

*Curst by the Word of God.] Non facias violentiam pauperi, quia pauper est ;
 neque conteras egenum in porta, quia judicabit Dominus causam ejus & configet
 eos qui confixerunt animam ejus. Qui despicit pauperem exprobat factori suo.*

SOLOMON.

*Feeding on the Vapour of a Toad.] It is an absolute fact, that several Insolvent
 Debtors confined in our jails, are actually starving. A poor young fellow
 perished not long ago in the King's Bench, literally for want of bread.*

Behold upon his legs Lord HUDIBRAS : 965
 Another Bill in peace he would let pass ;
 But in religious matters over-nice,
 He argues that in Freedom's Paradise ;
 The thorny weed of Rome without dispute
 Should be mark'd down as the *forbidden fruit*. 970

When EDMUND thus display'd his thoughts refin'd,---
 Religion the best hope of all Mankind ;
 But in these base degen'rate times no more
 That blooming Maid she was in days of yore.
 In mercy to mankind th' Omniscient Head 975
 A lovely Virgin like MINERVA bred
 Our steps to guide, and passions to controul,
 Religion call'd, chief Wisdom of the Soul ;
 But soon defil'd by selfish impious priests,
 A monster sprung made up of various beasts, 980
 As Proteus multifarious in it's shape,
 An owl, a serpent, and a trickish ape ;
 For a strange Bull we often saw it pass,
 And Jews gave it the figure of an ass.
 Such now we find her mien where'er we roam, 985
 In Italy, in India, and at home ;

A masquerade

The figure of an Ass.] According to several ancient authors, the Sons of Israel actually adored an Ass.

A masquerade at best, a pious fraud,
Broad nonsense call'd aloud the Word of God.

Priests talk of Heav'n with wond'rous impudence,
As travellers devoid of Truth and Sense. 990
God's aim no mortal must presume to hit,
A sphynx beyond the reach of human wit:
All Prophets ever stood on dubious ground,
The Parallax of Truth was never found.
A sphere we see it's boundless sides extend, 995
But know not the beginning nor the end:
Proud fools misled by Superstition's creed,
Into the heart of God presume to read:
These, Pentheus-like, think double all they see,
And even worse, insist that one makes three. 1000
Touch not the Curtain drawn by God's own hand,
His Mind we can't, and need not understand.
This only should be rightly understood,
That to be happy we must needs be good;

Spite

A Masquerade at best.] Some bigots will, perhaps, put a wrong construction on these words, and confound Superstition with the true Religion; but the Author leaves the task of confuting their ignorance to his enlightened Readers

Pentheus-like.] *Eumenidum demens qualis videt agmina Pentheus. Et solcm geminum. et duplicem se ostendere Thebas.*

Spite of all Priests, that system is but true, 1005
 Which links the Turk, the Christian, and the Jew,
 And make us all join in one kind embrace
 As peaceful Brothers of the human race,
 That teaches Men each others faults to blot,
 And cast no stone for fear of the same lot. 1010

This pleas'd not all the Senatorial bands,
 But PAUL and his good Angel clapp'd their hands.

Next CON--AY rose, his Country born to save,
 Like NESTOR wife, and as ACHILLES brave.

I come not here, seditious in debate, 1015
 To vent my spleen, and shew some partial hate;
 Nor come to give a mad Ambition scope
 With a quaint-labour'd phrase, and dazzling trope;
 The vanity of words let others claim,
 I ever scorn'd the irony of Fame. 1020
 The falling Empire some pretend to prop,
 And only bark for the Cerberian sop :
 No sordid venal views my thoughts controul,
 Far nobler Motives urge my freeborn soul.
 My constant and first aim my Country's good, 1025
 I rise to heal her Wounds, and spare her blood.

Since

Since our Misfortunes and our Woes encrease
In long unprosp'rous war, I move for peace.

To this all upright Senators assent,
The Ministry alone are *non-content*.

Lo! Fox arrives---an ever-glorious name! 1030
Like the Gorgonian Conqueror he came
To point reflected in MINERVA's glass
The Ministry, a many-headed ass.
His Eloquence the Roman and the Greek
Surpassing, thus amaz'd all hear him speak: 1035

When CHATHAM rul'd the Helm, we found at home
The Dignity reviv'd of ancient Rome,
Our glorious Fame spread out her golden wings,
The BRITISH Monarch was the King of Kings;
CHATHAM resign'd----alas! a fatal date, 1040
Big with the ruin of this falling State.
The noted THANE came to repair the loss,
And like his kindred perch'd at Charing-cross;
Devoid of brain, and with a brazen face,
In spite of Common sense he kept his place: 1045

O

Hiss'd

The Gorgonian Conqueror.] Perseus.

His'd out at last, a Duke of temper mild,
 With justice rul'd, by factious Knaves revil'd;
 Till from the dread and e'er ill-boding North
 The Antichrist of Politics came forth;
 The dire ascendant of the Northern Star 1050
 Portending the Calamities of war,
 Rebellion rose, the Devil drew the plan,
 And Ministers improv'd what he began;
 Millions on millions heap'd, a wealth immense!
 Our worthy Premier rais'd on false pretence. 1055
 In pensive mood and meditation deep,
 Tho' often we suppose him fast asleep,
 He only thinks that two and two make four,
 And still he calculates, for he wants more,
 Nor will he drop his task, till women bring, 1060
 To fill up the next Loan, their Wedding-ring.
 Poor BRITAIN now her greatness must forget,
 And be perhaps ere long in the Gazette.

The

The Antichrist.] This mischievous personage, according to some prophets,
 was to make his first appearance in the North. I am afraid that the event has
 already justified their prediction, at the expence of poor England.

The Thracian Boreas, as some poets said,
 Committed a bold rape on a sweet maid, 1965
 But only ravish'd one, and we have seen
 The British Boreas ravishing *Thirteen*.
 The Greeks rais'd altars to their Boreas' name,
 Th' Americans to our's will do the same;
 For, blowing dust into Great-Britain's eyes; 1970
 He caus'd her foes to conquer, and to rise.
 But he was not alone to play this prank,
 The Congress have more *winds* than one to thank.

MINOS and RHADAMANTUS, hand in hand,
 The heaviest curses of this sinking land; 1075
 Great MINDEN, both in field and council wise,
 Equal in foul to ALEXANDER's size;
 Old TEMPEST then, that mean clerk of the Bench,
 That Dotard sent in vain to pump the French:
 And loath I am to name that broken pitcher, 1080
 That leaking vessel yclep'd JEMMY TWITCHER.

'Tis

The Thracian Boreas.] Though some authors pretend that the Thracian Boreas committed several rapes, yet the most general opinion is, that he ravished only *Orithia*, daughter of *Erechtheus*, a King of Athens; and it is natural to suppose that it was a mere *pimping business*, Boreas being too cold to make any use himself of a blooming Virgin. We find in History, that, blowing dust into the eyes of a Persian army, he was the cause that the Greeks obtained a victory, on which account they built temples in his honour.

'Tis to their whispers in the Royal ears
 Distracted BRITAIN owes her gushing tears;
 To screen their blunders from the public stings,
 Unpopular they made the best of Kings; 1085
 The source of Mercy flowing from his heart,
 They labour'd to obstruct with studious art,
 Of his exalted Fame contriv'd the fall,
 Robb'd him of Kingdoms, Honour, Peace and all:
 His bosom swelling with AUGUSTUS' rage, 1090
 Which all the pow'rs of Fortune can't assuage,
 From the nefarious authors of his shame,
 Him thus methinks I hear his losses claim :----

TWITCHER give me my trophies all spurn'd down,
 The honour of my Flag, and of my Crown, 1095
 Traitors restore to me CORN---is' host,
 America, St. Kitt, Minorca lost!

Thus spoke the Sage: A ministerial wag,
 Presum'd to style his speech a patriot brag,
 And vainly strove with accents full of spite 1100
 To stab immortal Truth, and blind it's light.

As

As Courtier is a term that means but slave,
 So Patriot is synonymous of knave :
 Our patriots both of Pence and Reason scarce,
 A Tragedy they mean, but act a Farce ; 1105
 With private views deplore the public ills,
 And quacks alike dispense about their bills,
 Boasting to rescue from impending fate
 The rotten *Constitution* of the State.
 His pregnant malice thus the *Droll* let loose, 1110
 Fox look'd with pity on the *cackling Goose*.
 His splendid Wisdom is a fort too strong,
 To fear the mischief of an evil tongue.
 As from the Spanish boats a fiery shell,
 Like Calumny, an instrument of Hell, 1115
 Falls, bursts, and dies upon Gibraltar's rock,
 Which cannot feel the fury of the shock ;
 So the staunch Patriot could not feel the stroke
 Of the sharp Daggers, which the Jester spoke.
 All now convinc'd by Fox's rhetoric, 1120
 Declar'd the Ministers deserv'd a kick ;
 PAUL wish'd them also from St. James's far,
 And hop'd they would remove to *Temple-bar*.
 Now having seen enough, to Court he hies,
 To give up his credentials from the skies. 1125

But by a strange event the man divine
Most suddenly was crost in his design.-----

Too void of care, adventurous and bold,
From Heav'n he brought a slender purse of gold;
If beggars can be stabb'd by Fortune's frown, 1130
If LAZARUS must starve, 'tis in this town,
Where Virtue only means a golden store,
And the most heinous crime is to be poor;
But Saints all worldly purposes forget;
So PAUL in great distress must run in debt; 1135
By pinching circumstances made too rash,
He gave his bond to Swindlers for some cash;
(When Saints themselves commit such gross mistakes,
Sure we ought to compassionate the rakes)
The bond they fold, and for the curse of PAUL, 1140
SHYLOCK discounted it, and gave them all.

'Tis true, he only took for what he lent,
As all our Money-lenders, cent per cent.
The bond is over-due, but PAUL can't pay,
And seldom creditors will brook delay; 1145
He thinks a piece of prudence to abscond,
For the grim JEW bids him look to his bond:

A pettifogger

A Pettifogger prompts the bloody strife,
 And lends his flinty heart to whet the knife.
 A Writ---a tool, that often proves a dagger, 1150
 Now makes both PAUL and the good Angel stagger.

Within the Verge they kept in hopes to mock
 The fell relentless purpose of SHYLOCK ;
 But MINOS prov'd they stood upon false ground,
 The tyranny of MINOS finds no bound ; 1155
 So our Celestials to a Spunging-house,
 Behold convey'd, and stript of ev'ry fous.

No words can paint their wonder when they saw
 The Catchpoles, those *banditti* of the Law,
 The *Vampires* of the poor, who execute 1160
 The tricks of *Cacus* back'd by the Statute.

See now th' Olympian citizen confin'd
 A crowd of thoughts revolving in his mind.
 To BRITISH Liberty his durance vile
 An arduous task he found to reconcile ; 1165
 And

The Vampires.] See the Dissertation written by the Reverend Father Dom
 Augustin Calmet, concerning those spectres called Vampires, or Blood-suckers,
 which made a prodigious noise in Hungary, Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia.

And argu'd from his knowledge of the Laws,
 That *Magna Charta* might defend his cause;
 So he resolv'd to lay before the Chief
 The glorious Charter, and to seek relief;
 And farther to enforce his legal claim, 1170
 An humble suit he drew in Mercy's name;
 The Chief read *Magna Charta* with the vapours,
 And as a puny Squib in the news-papers:
 Chok'd with infernal rage at Mercy's call,
 In struggling words he ask'd, Who is this PAUL? 1175
 In poverty and durance let him be,
 What are his debts and indigence to me?
 The poor have stubborn minds with malice fraught,
 As once by sad Experience I was taught:
 I hate the soul of PAUL, since PAUL is poor; 1180
 So let me hear of his wild suits no more.

This answer from th' inexorable Chief,
 Astonish'd PAUL, and fill'd his mind with grief;
 Himself he thought most wrongfully abus'd,
 And by the Old CENTURION better us'd; 1185
 By accident th' Apostle had been told
 That our most pious Bish--ps swim in gold;

This

[By the Old Centurion.] *Centurio apprehendi Paulum jussit, & se catenis eligari, &c.*

This a resource he deem'd, for holy ends,
 Supposing that all Priests would be his friends;
 Their Reverend benevolence he sought, 1190
 Which seem'd to him a very lucky thought,
 In his opinion, certain to prevail,
 That they would lend him money, or give bail;
 But sure, I think, that when he ask'd their pelf,
 PAUL was, as FESTUS said, beside himself. 1195
 In Newgate most inhumanly immur'd,
 He found how much his hopes had been absurd.

The lovely Angel, mourning at his side,
 Pour'd forth of melting grief a fruitful tide;
 An Angel's tears!--the thought makes my blood chill;
 O cruel MINOS, source of all this ill!
 The chrystal sluice of the celestial girl,
 For ev'ry drop that fell produc'd a pearl.
 Surpriz'd I am the copious flood that ran,
 Has not made a Nabob of AKERMAN. 1205

My Heroes now, constrain'd in mortal shape,
 (Here is the rub) can hope for no escape;
 In prison, and no bread, 'tis hard to guess,
 What sanctity can bear such deep distress!

Immortal sure they are, but *sans* resource, 1210
 They cannot die, and yet must starve of course.
 To comfort and relieve the pining maid,
 From our rich Epulons PAUL begg'd some aid;
 Of his petition divers made a flash,
 And for the greatest part they had no cash; 1215
 At BOODLE's some reduc'd exceeding low,
 Some had their pockets pick'd at the E. O.
 And those that had sustain'd no loss at play,
 Had whores and dogs to keep, and LE T-----R;
 A name, which all the world knows to imply, 1220
 A vagabond, a stroller, and a spy;
 Encourag'd to pursue the treach'rous plan,
 And by subscription made a gentleman.
 The frowns of Gallic laws he could not stand,
 And sought the smiles of Fortune in this land; 1225
 See him o'ertop the *wheel*---strange English blunder!
 When THEMIS says he ought to be kept under.

To Christian intercessions PAUL beheld
 The fons of opulence all loath to yield;
 Stung to the quick, impatient of his thrall, 1230
 He meditates Revenge against us all.

Revenge,

Revenge, a passion, which all Saints embrace,
 Whose noble source to JUPITER we trace,
 Cowards, in vain, this origin deny,
 The roaring thunder's mouth gives them the lie. 1235

In the Tartarean gulph there is one cell,
 Where Superstition ever lov'd to dwell;
 With rattling chains around the hag appears,
 Blindfolded, horned, and with asses ears;
 The bloody sword of Vengeance in one hand, 1240
 And in the other Discord's fiery brand;
 A bugbear on her head, and with a nest
 Of dire insatiate scorpions in her breast;
 Assisted by two handmaids, Hope and Fear,
 And Nonsense closely join'd her husband dear. 1245
 The number of her offspring has outdone
 The locusts' swarms----the POPE their eldest son;
 Of her large family to swell the list,
 The Quaker comes, the canting Methodist,
 The Friar, the Bonzee, the Nun, and then 1250
 Our dull and hypocritic clergymen;
 Of *holy Souls* she e'er obeys the call,
 And now behold the monster rouz'd by PAUL.

Thou worst of furies, said the Saint inrag'd,
 In dark infernal plots for e'er engag'd; 1255
 Leave

Leave once the fiend, to whom thy heart belongs,
 And be the just avenger of my wrongs;
 Lord HUDIBRAS, forthwith, contrive to find,
 And slide one of thy scorpions in his mind.

Without reply the odious hag obey'd, 1260
 And call'd Ambition's Devil to her aid.
 The slumb'ring Pow'r, propitious to their scheme,
 Had wrapt his Lordship in a golden dream;
 A spacious crack lays obvious in his brain,
 Thro' which their ends they easily obtain. 1265

As from the bath a Grecian sage rush'd down,
 To warn his friends against the cheating crown;
 To wake the people by the Crown misled,
 Behold, Lord HUDIBRAS jumps out of bed.

His

As from the bath.] HIERO, King of Syracuse, having employed a jeweller to make him a golden crown of a stated weight, when it was brought to him, he found reason to suspect that some alloy had been mixed with the gold; and desired his brother-in-law, the great Archimedes, to study a method to find out the truth. Archimedes exerted some time his ingenuity on this subject without success; but one day being in the bath, a thought struck him, which he imagined would enable him to gratify the King's curiosity. The peculiarity of the idea made such a lively impression on his mind, that he rush'd instantly into the street, crying aloud, in a frantic manner, *I have found it, I have found it.* He actually detected the artist's imposition, but the particulars of his discovery are lost, the account generally given being too deficient and puerile. Galileus finding the solution of the cited problem, as delivered by the historians, quite unworthy the speculation of Archimedes, endeavoured to guess it in a small tract called *La Bilancetta d'Archimede*, that is, the small scales of Archimedes.

His fiery dream the moment he reveals, 1270
The lawless multitude crowd at his heels.

Each son of Mischief now adorns his head,
Like CAIN with a distinguishing cockade :
See knaves and fools all jumbled in one mass,
And hear the sermon of Lord HUDIBRAS. 1275

If one selected for a godly trust
Could feel the passion of ambitious lust,
Brethren, I own, I must be proud to see,
So many thousands come to gape at me;
But vanity I leave to the profane, 1280
The world may think me crack'd, but never vain;
So far is my humility confest,
That ev'ry where I grow a standing jest :
All jeer and laugh, as monkies us'd to rail
At their companion, when *he cut his tail*. 1285
Yet, as a rock, I shall stand by the cause,
Content with your support and your applause,
Sure on your back, to reach the Prophets class,
And ride to Heav'n like Mah'met on his ass.

A moment yet, your wand'ring thoughts controul,
And mark the holy purpose of my soul---

See the contagious Whore of Babylon
 In impudence and pow'r quite overgrown:
 Full bad, as in old times, on ev'ry side
 Her putrifying sores spread far and wide. 1295
 Lords, Commoners, and Graces without grace
 Are seen to court the harlot's foul embrace:
 What, if her noxious and infernal taints
 Should reach our godly tribe, and pox the saints?
 O let's this instant dash thro' thick and thin 1300
 To check the progress of so damn'd a sin.
 A brimstone deluge would be useful here
 To purify th' infected atmosphere.
 Good pious *folks*, have oft, as stories tell,
 In Heav'n's defence perform'd the work of Hell, 1305
 And Priests have shewn that, like all other Dames,
 Religion must be coax'd, and gain'd with Flames.
 The POPE was often bravely burnt by you,
 Now let us try to roast the PAPISTS too.
 Let SAV--LE, on the ground of Christian thoughts, 1310
 Pretend to screen the POPE, and hide his faults,
 Let BU--KE preach on his all-forgiving plan,
 And christianize the Devil if he can;
 His philosophic doctrine we disown,
 And tolerate no blunders but our own. 1315
 Why

Why should the Saints behave so *monstrous* civil
 To him, who sends them headlong to the Devil?
 Since in the BULLS of Babylon 'tis found,
 Its Pontiff deals Damnation all around;
 'Tis proper in his BULLS we should agree,
 So let the world be damn'd, but you and me.
 The noxious weed of Pop'ry to displant
 Once more I mean to try my pious cant,
 If Justice strikes not miscreants with awe,
 The faggots we shall use, and the club-law.

1320

1325

The zealous crowd, warm'd by the canting Monk,
 Went to refresh themselves, and got all drunk,
 And now they were inspir'd, and felt within
 A *spirit* move, that had the taste of Gin:
 Religion is their Cause, the holy Dame
 Touch'd their soft hearts, and set them all in flame.
 See their seraphic zeal burn houses down,
 Their heav'nly souls play hell about the town,
 ACHILLES, fighting for the Spartan Whore,
 Look'd like our valiant Saints, and did no more;
 At last to NEWGATE, a fallacious hope,
 Drives the fanatic throng to seek the POPE.

1330

1335

The

The monument of Justice they erase,
 And set the Rogues like Cherubs in a blaze;
 While their own Mansion with great shouts of joy, 1340
 Deluded Fools incautiously destroy.

Redeem'd thus by the rabble's fiery storm,
 Th' immortal Guests resum'd their radiant form,
 And winging both their flight without delay,
 Swifter than thought they reach'd the milky-way. 1345

Celestial Beings, when they heard from PAUL
 The melancholy tale of England's fall,
 How its proud Chiefs degen'rate and base
 Were lost to ev'ry sense of virtuous grace;
 How dull and knavish Rulers, hand in hand, 1350
 The Land of Promise made a barren land,
 To them, when he explain'd the Lawyers' rod,
 How MINOS serv'd th' Ambassadors of God;
 Bewail'd th' unwelcome news in mournful lays,
 And tasted no Ambrosia for some days. 1355
 OLYMPUS' top appear'd no more serene,
 The source of light display'd a gloomy scene;
 Angels forgot to move the tuneful spheres,
 And all the BRITISH Gods dissolv'd in tears.

Yet

Yet see how Jove full of compassion draws 1360
 Poor sinking England from Perdition's jaws--
 He suddenly dispatch'd the Holy Ghost,
 One moment later, ev'ry thing was lost.
 The Sacred Messenger forwarn'd by PAUL,
 Came down unknown, invisible to all. 1365
 The Lawyers, thus, he had no cause to fear,
 And reach'd without restraint the Royal Ear.
 Where lo! he pours, to compass his design,
 The nectar of the Wisdom most divine.
 With inspiration, see, the Monarch glows, 1370
 And rids the Closet of domestic foes:
 Behold them all confus'd, see how they stare!
 Like DAVID's Servants with their buttocks bare.

Now round the Throne see Wisdom reinstall'd,
 And VIRTUE from long Banishment recall'd. 1375
 Lo! on the wings of Time approaching near,
 The chearing smiles of Fortune re-appear.
 See captive GRASSE---lo! Victory displays
 On England, as before, her partial rays.

S

While

David's Servant.] Hanum took David's Servants, and shaved off half their
 beards, and cut off their garments in the middle, even to their buttocks, and
 sent them away. Chap. x. 11 Samuel.

While ROCKINGHAM presides, while SHELBURNE rules,
 And BURKE drives out Corruption's venal tools,
 While FOX and RICHMOND with hermetic skill
 From Truth the Spirit, for our good, distil,
 While at the Helm Great KEPPEL we behold,
 BRITONS rejoice, and in your Hopes be bold.
 Still from the ashes, like the Chymic Rose,
 Our Fame may rise, and spurn at all our foes.

11:7:49

The Chymic rose.] The Author here alludes to the wonderful mystery of the Palingenesis, or resurrection of plants, concerning which, the reader may consult Sir Kenelm Digby, Kirker, Scot, Vallemont, Gafferell, and others.

F I N I S